

The Waves

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In the afternoon, when the sky
is almost out of sun,

when you would normally cling to her,
let her run all the way down,

any other day when it is simply a play,
an hour, a second in which you can say
anything,

let it sing, let it ascend, let it plummet down
like it is rain—

into the shadows, into the moon-blached seconds
as she says *goodbye*;

deftly, as all the traffic signals are turning red;
and you know no one is waiting for you
when you get home;

downtown, maybe at 10:30 when you can still
hear her words, where you can remember:

the convergence of her body beneath you,
the confused and spiraling waterfall going

upwards, the wildflowers blossoming all
around her bed,

you see it in people as they go in and out of doors,
in their steps as they go up and down from city hall,

a homeless man next to a rich man next to the man that
you used to be—

you look up at the city lights; you can see the dark
imperfection floating atop the three rivers,

a car honks to let you go, but it is ten years ago
and you just can't hear it,

people's voices fill the air, everyone laughing
as they skate around in darkness in Kennedy Plaza,

wisps of bodies in the naked streetlight
falling down into this useless beauty,

and you can say anything, you think, you can say all
the things that you are in love with,

stomp on them, save them in the bank, hold onto them
forever, or let them go—

down the river, or all the way down to the ocean
into the burnt blue of its rolling waves.